

# The Children in



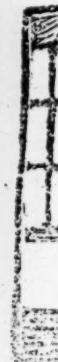
OR THE

Norfolk Gentleman's last V

A True Stor



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NOW ponder well, ye parents dear,  
These words which I shall write,  
A doleful story you shall hear,  
In time brought forth to light  
A gentleman of good account,  
In Norfolk dwelt of late,  
Who did in honour far surmount,  
Most men of his estate.  
Sore sick he was and like to die,  
No help his life could save:  
His wife by him as sick did lie,  
And both possess'd one grave.  
No strife between these two were,  
Each was to t'other kind,  
In love they liv'd, in love they dy'd.  
And left two babes behind.  
The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing five years old;  
the other a girl, more young than he,  
And fram'd in beauty's mould:

# Wood,

† Testament.



little son,  
appear,  
at age should come,  
pounds a year,  
daughter Jane,  
weds in gold,  
marri-ge day,  
not be controll'd;  
en chanc'd to die,  
should come,  
d possess their wealth,  
id run



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is the dying man,  
ildren dear,  
boy and girl,  
ave they here,  
I recommend,  
ear this day;  
: have 'tis sure,  
old to stay.  
er and mother both,  
n one,  
t will become of them,  
lead and gone  
e the mother dear—  
ind, quoth she,  
mirst bring our babes,  
mitery.

And if you keep them careful  
Then God will you reward  
But if you otherwise should do  
God will your deeds regard  
With lips as cold as any stone  
They kis'd their children  
God bless you both, our child  
Then down the tears did fall  
These speeches then the broth  
To this sick couple there—  
The keeping of your children  
Dear master do not fear;  
God never prosper me nor n  
Nor ought else that I have,  
If I do wrong your children  
When you're laid in the ground  
The parents being dead and gone  
The chi dren home he tak  
And brings them strait unto him  
Where much of them he did  
He had not kept the pretty boy  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
But for their wealth he did demand  
To take their lives away.

He bargain'd with ruffians fit  
Who were of furious mood  
That they should take these children  
And slay them in the wood.  
Then told his wife, and all he said  
He did the children send,  
To be brought up in fair London  
By one that was their friend



A way then went these pretty  
Rejoicing at that tide,  
Rejoicing with a merry mood  
They shoul'd on horseback ride  
They prate and prattle please  
Now they rode on the wold  
To those that shou'd their babes  
Such mad their lives away

s wander'd these two lovely babes,  
ill death did end their grief,  
ne another's arms they dy'd,  
s babes wanting relief;  
burials these two pretty babes,  
f any man receives,  
Robin Redbreast painfully  
id cover them with leaves.  
I now the heavy wrath of God  
pon their uncle fell;  
, frightful fiends did haunt his house,  
is conscience felt an hell;  
barns were fir'd, his house consum'd,  
is lands were barren made,  
cattie dy'd within the field,  
nd nothing with him staid.  
I in a voyage to Portugal,  
wo of his sons did die,  
I to conclude, himself was brought,  
o want and misery,  
pawn'd and mortgag'd his land,  
Ere seven years were out,  
now at length his wicked deeds,  
By this means was found out.  
e fellow that did take in hand,  
The children for to kill,  
as for a murder judg'd to die.  
As was God's blessed will;  
did confess the very truth,  
The which I here express'd,  
eir uncle died, where he for debt,  
Did long in prison rest,



u that executors want,  
And overseers seek,  
children that be fatherless,  
And infants mild and meek;  
take example by this thing,  
nd yield to each his right,  
t God for such like cruelty,  
Your wicked mind requite.

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